

The Angel of Purgatory.

HOW MANY SWEET REMINISCENCES THIS TITLE
RECALLS TO A CHRISTIAN MIND.

Oh! it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed.
While murmured Aves sink
To silence tender hearted.
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling.
And the dead live again,
In hearts that love is filling.

F. W. Faber.

THROUGH A SOUL IN PURGATORY.

In the early forties, a lady of wealth and culture residing in New York City, related by birth and marriage to several clergymen in high standing in the Methodist Church, and herself a very conscientious and pious woman, lost an only brother to whom she was deeply attached. As far as her knowledge of him went, he had led a good life, was a church member, a kind son and brother, charitable in word and deed, but he had one great fault which his family had succeeded in keeping from the world. At certain times he would be seized with a mania for drink, and while it would then be given out by his relatives that he was seriously ill—or absent from home, the few who knew the truth were aware that he had succumbed to the tempting cup, and was, sometimes at home, in the secrecy of his chamber, or oftener abroad in a disreputable resort, plunging recklessly into wild and riotous dissipation. Finally these lapses became so frequent that his father, mother and sister lived lives of fear and trembling, lest he should publicly disgrace himself and them, or perhaps die in a debauch. The result proved that their fears were not groundless.

After a prolonged indulgence of three weeks, he became seriously ill, and wrote to his sister from the city where he was sojourning that he had been taken to the hospital from which he was barely able to inform her of his whereabouts, begging her to make some

excuse to their aged parents, and to come to his bedside before he died. She was astonished to learn from his letter that he had chosen the Sisters' Hospital; her education had tended to violently prejudice her against all Catholics, and this prejudice was only equalled by her ignorance of everything pertaining to the Catholic Church. However, she supposed that he had been taken there by some friend, and resolved to allow him to remain in such uncongenial quarters only so long as would be rendered necessary by the nature of his complaint. Doing as he bade her, she made an excuse of visiting an aunt and hastened to her sick brother. Arrived at the hospital she could not help but be pleased at the graciousness of her reception by the Mother Superior, who conducted her at once to her brother, whom she found very ill. When they were left alone she expressed her surprise at the pleasant furnishings of the room, the plants in the windows, etc., not forgetting the gentle manner of the Sister in charge of the apartment.

"My dear sister," replied the sick man, "if it had not been for these good women, to whose kindness and charity I owe what is left of my life, your brother would have come to a disgraceful end, and broken the hearts of our aged father and mother, which he has already wounded almost unto death. I should blush to say it, and I do, but when I felt the inclination for liquor coming on I provided myself with a large quantity, and renting a room in the top story of a large office building on K Avenue, I went thither with my mind made up for at least a week's indulgence. But I am not as strong as I once was, and after the first two days I suppose delirium must have set in, for somehow I found myself one night half-dressed in what appeared to be a small park, though I afterwards knew it to be the grounds of this institution.